

Correct Silverware

Correct in character, design and workmanship—is as necessary as dainty china or fine linen if you would have everything in good taste and harmony. Knives, forks, spoons and fancy pieces for table use will be correct if selected from goods stamped

"1847 Rogers Bros."
Remember "1847," as there are imitations "Rogers," For Catalogue No. 6 address the makers International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

CHINTZ ROYATLY.

Practical Surveyor
ALSO.

Notary Public.

I can survey your lands write your deeds and take the acknowledgement at your homes, this saves you trouble and costs, your patronage solicited address me at Hardinsburg Ky.

FARMING IN THE SOUTH

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company is issuing monthly circulars concerning fruit growing, vegetable gardening, stock raising, dairying, etc., in the States of Kentucky, West Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. Every Farmer or Homeseeker, who will forward his name and address to the undersigned, will be mailed free, Circulars Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, and others as they are published from month to month.

F. W. HARLOW, D. P. A. Louisville, Ky.

AMERICA'S BEST

Editorially Fearless.
Consistently Republican.

News from all of the world—Well written, original stories—Answers to queries—Articles on Health, the Home, New Books, and on Work About the Farm and Garden.

The Weekly Inter Ocean

Is a member of the Associated Press, the only Western Newspaper receiving the entire telegraphic news service of the New York Sun and special cable of the New York World—daily reports from over 2,000 special correspondents throughout the country.

YEAR ONE DOLLAR

Subscribe for Breckenridge News and The Weekly Inter Ocean, one Year, both papers for \$1.60.

To Mine Clay This Week.

The boiler and machinery at the Murray Roofing Tile Co.'s plant have been repaired and a number of necessary changes have been made in the buildings. Last week the switch was extended several hundred feet and this week work is being done on the kiln and the new water tank.

Manager Murray stated Thursday that he expected to have some of the clay mined this week in order to start the plant in operation.

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

The Breckenridge News.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1903.

Graustark

Continued From Page 2.

had written—he could see the words plainly—that his danger was great; she could not endure life until she knew him to be safely outside the bounds of Graustark. His life was dear to her, and she would preserve it by dishonoring her trust. Then she had unfolded her plan of escape, disjunctedly, guiltily, hopelessly.

But she was offering him freedom only to send him away without granting one moment of joy in her presence. After all, with death staring him in the face, the practically convicted murderer of a prince, he knew he could not have gone without seeing her. He had been ungrateful perhaps, but the message he had sent to her was from his heart, and something told him that it would give her pleasure.

A key turned suddenly in the lock and his heart bounded with the hope that it might be some one with her surrender in response to his ultimatum. He sat upright and rubbed his swollen eyes. The door swung open, and a tall prison guard peered in upon him, a sharp eyed, low browed fellow in raincoat and helmet. His lantern's single unkind eye was turned menacingly toward the bed.

"What do you want?" demanded the prisoner irritably.

Instead of answering, the guard proceeded to unlock the second or grated door, stepping inside the cell a moment later. Smothering an exclamation, Lorry jerked out his watch and then sprang to his feet, intensely excited. It was just 12 o'clock, and he remembered now that she had said a guard would come to him at that hour. Was this the man? Was the plan to be carried out?

The two men stood staring at each other for a moment or two, one in the agony of doubt and suspense, the other quizzically. A smile flitted over the face of the guard. He calmly advanced to the table, putting down his lantern. Then he drew off his raincoat and helmet and placed in the other's hand a gray envelope. Lorry reeled and would have fallen but for the wall against which he staggered. A note from her was in his hand. He tore open the envelope and drew forth the letter. As he read he grew strangely calm and contented. A blissful repose rushed in to supplant the racking unrest of a moment before. The shadows fled and life's light was burning brightly once more. She had written:

I entreat you to follow instructions and go tonight. You say you will not leave Graustark until you have seen me. How rash you are to refuse liberty and life for such a trifle! But why, I ask, am I offering you this chance to escape? Is it because I do not hope to see you again? Is it not enough that I am begging, imploring you to go? I can say no more.

He folded the brief note, written in agitation, and, after kissing it, proceeded to place it in his pocket, determined to keep it to the last hour of his life. Glancing up at a sound from the guard, he found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver. A deep scowl overspread the face of the man as he pointed to the letter and then to the lamp. There was no mistaking his meaning. Lorry reluctantly held the note over the flame and saw it crumble away as had its predecessor. There was to be no proof of her complicity left behind. He knew it would be folly to offer a bribe to the loyal guard.

After this very significant act the guard's face cleared, and he deposited



He found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver.

his big revolver on the table. Stepping to the cell's entrance, he listened intently, then softly closed the heavy iron doors. Without a word he began to strip off his uniform. Lorry watching him as if fascinated. The fellow looked up impatiently and motioned for him to be quiet, taking it for granted that the prisoner understood his part of the transaction. Awakened by this sharp reminder, Lorry nervously began to remove his own clothes. In five minutes his garments were scattered over the floor and he was attired in the uniform of a guard. Not a word had been spoken. The prisoner was the guard, the guard a prisoner.

"Are you not afraid this will cost you your life?" asked Lorry, first in English, then in German. The guard merely shook his head, indicating that he could not understand.

He quickly turned to the bed, seized a sheet and tore it into strips, impatiently thrusting them into the other's hands. The first letter had foretold all this, and the prisoner knew what was

expected of him. He therefore securely bound the guard's legs and arms. With a grim smile the captive nodded his head toward the revolver, the lantern and the keys. His obliging prisoner secured them, as well as his own personal effects, and was ready to depart. According to instructions, he was to go forth, locking the doors behind him, leaving the man to be discovered the next morning by surprised keepers. It struck him that there was something absurd in this part of the plan. How was this guard to explain his position with absolutely no sign of a struggle to bear him out? It was hardly plausible that a big, strong fellow could be so easily overpowered single handed. There was something wretchedly incongruous about the—but there came a startling and effective end to all criticism.

The guard, bound as he was, suddenly turned and lunged headforemost against the sharp bedpost. His head struck with a thud, and he rolled to the floor as if dead. Uttering an exclamation of horror, Lorry ran to his side. Blood was gushing from a long gash across his head, and he was already unconscious. Sickened by the brave sacrifice, he picked the man up and placed him on the bed. A hasty examination proved that it was no more than a scalp wound and that death was too remote to be feared. The guard had done his part nobly, and it was now the prisoner's turn to act as resolutely and as unflinchingly. Sorry to leave the poor fellow in what seemed an inhuman manner, he strode into the corridor, closed and locked the doors clumsily and began the descent of the stairs. He had been instructed to act unhesitatingly, as the slightest show of nervousness would result in discovery.

With the helmet well down over his face and the cape well up he steadily, even noisily, made his way to the next floor below. There were prisoners on this floor, while he had been the only occupant of the floor above. Straight ahead he went, flashing his lantern here and there, passing down another stairway and into the main corridor. Here he met a guard who had just come in from the outside. The man addressed him in the language of the country, and his heart almost stopped beating. How was he to answer? Mumbling something almost inaudible, he hurried on to the ground floor, trembling with fear lest the man should call to him to halt. He was relieved to find, in the end, that his progress was not to be impeded. In another moment he was boldly unlocking the door that led to the visitors' hall. Then came the door to the warden's office. Here he found three sleepy guards, none of whom paid any attention to him as he passed through and entered Captain Dangloss' private room. The gruff old captain sat at a desk writing. The escaping man half paused as if to speak to him. A sharp cough from the captain and a significant jerk of the head told him that there must be no delay, no words. Opening the door he stepped out into a storm so fierce and wild that he shuddered apprehensively.

"A fitting night!" he muttered as he plunged into the driving rain, forcing his way across the courtyard toward the main gate. The little light in the gatekeeper's window was his guide, so, blinded by the torrents, blown by the winds, he soon found himself before the final barrier. Peering through the window, he saw the keeper dozing in his chair. By the light from within he selected from the bunch of keys he carried one that had a white string knotted in its ring. This was the key that was to open the big gate in case no one challenged him. In any other case he was to give the countersign, "Dangloss," and trust fortune to pass him through without question.

Luck was with him, and, finding the great lock, he softly inserted and turned the key. The wind blew the heavy gate open violently, and it required all of his strength to keep it from banging against the wall beyond. The most difficult task that he had encountered grew from his efforts to close the gate against the blast. He was about to give up in despair when a hand was laid on his shoulder and some one hissed in his startled ear:

"Sh! Not a word!" His legs almost went from under his body, so great was the shock and the fear. Two strong hands joined his own in the effort to pull the door into position, and he knew at once that they belonged to the man who was to meet him on the corner at the right of the prison wall. He understoodly tired of the delay and, feeling secure in the darkness of the storm, had come to meet his charge, the escaping prisoner. Their united efforts brought about the desired result, and together they left the prison behind, striking out against the storm in all its fury.

"You are late," called the stranger in his ear. "Not too late, am I?" he cried back, clutching the other's arm. "No, but we must hasten." "Captain Quinnox, is it you?" "Have a care! The storm has ears and can hear names," cautioned the other. As rapidly as possible they made their way along the black street, almost a river with its sheet of water. Lorry had lost his bearings and knew not whether he went, trusting to the guidance of his struggling companion. There seemed to be no end to their journey, and he was growing weak beneath the exertion and the excitement. "How far do we go?" he cried at last. "But a few rods. The carriage is at the next corner."

"Where is the carriage to take me?" he demanded. "I am not at liberty to say." "Am I to see her before I go?" "That is something I cannot answer, sir. My instructions are to place you in the carriage and ride beside the driver until our destination is reached. Is it the castle?" cried the other joyously. "It is not the castle," was the disap-

pointing answer.

At that moment they came upon a great dark bulk and heard the stamping of horses' hoofs close at hand. It was so dark they could scarcely discern the shape of the carriage, although they could touch its side with their hands.

A soldier stood in the shelter of the vehicle and opened the door for the American.

"Hurry! Get in!" exclaimed Quinnox.

"I wish to know if this is liable to get her into trouble," demanded Lorry, pausing with one foot on the steps. "Get in!" commanded the soldier who was holding the door, pushing him forward unceasingly. He floundered into the carriage, where all was dry and clean. In his hand he still carried the keys and the lantern, the slide of which he had closed before leaving the prison yard. He could not see, but he knew that the trappings of the vehicle were superior. Outside he heard the soldier, who was preparing to enter, say:

"This carriage travels on most urgent business for her royal highness, captain. It is not to be stopped."

A moment later he was inside and the door slammed. The carriage rocked as Quinnox swung up beside the driver.

"You may as well be comfortable," said Lorry's companion as he sat rigid and restless. "We have a long and rough ride before us."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*
Finds Pearl Worth \$150.

Roy Matthews, a young son of Hallock Matthews, of New Amsterdam, Ind., thirty miles below New Albany, found a pearl in a musselshell several days ago that was perfect in shape and color and valued at \$150. This is one of the largest pearls that has been found since the mussel shell industry has developed along the Ohio river during the past few months.

Every new pearl find by the mussel shell fishermen adds interest to the occupation and augments the size of the industry. The industry at this point is attracting more and more attention. Numbers of people have watched the fisherman at work below town with their little fishing boats and the process by which they boil the mussels alive to remove the meat from the shell. A number of pearls valued at two or three dollars each have been found at this point.

Eat all You Want.

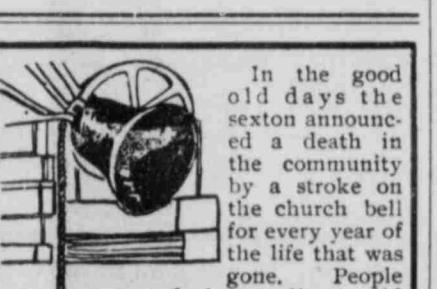
Persons troubled with indigestion or Dyspepsia can eat all they want if they will take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. This remedy prepares the stomach for the reception, retention, digestion and assimilation of all of the wholesome food that many be eaten and enables to the digestive organs to transform the same into the kind of blood that gives health and strength. Sold by All Druggists.

New Telephone Line.

The Cumberland Telephone Company is making preparations to extend its line from Toltinsport, Ind., to Derby. At present poles are being hauled up that way from Cannelton, and work will begin when a sufficient amount of material is on the ground.

Bourbon Stock Yards Burned

Fire caused by lightning destroyed the Bourbon stock yards at Louisville Wednesday night. Two adjoining buildings and four hundred and fifty head of sheep also were burned. The loss is \$250,000. Insurance carried about \$125,000.



In the good old days the sexton announced a death in the community by a stroke on the church bell for every year of the life that was gone. People expected, then, to live to old age, and speculation at the first tap of the bell took a narrow range including only those who had lived the allotted time. There is no reason why people should not have the same expectancy of age to-day, except for the neglect and abuse of the one organ on which all the other organs depend—the stomach.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enables men and women to be strong and healthy, by curing diseases of the stomach (and other organs of digestion and nutrition), which prevent the proper nourishment of the body. "I had been sick for two years with indigestion and nervous debility, and had taken medicine from my family doctor for a long time without much benefit," writes Mrs. W. H. Peebles, of Lucknow, S. C. "Was induced by my husband to consult Dr. Pierce by letter. You advised me to take 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription,' which I did, and to my great surprise, after taking six bottles I was cured."

Lakeland Dairy Farm FOR SALE!

Having determined to remove to city and devote myself exclusively to professional work, I now offer at private contract this splendidly equipped farm, and the entire outfit now used to operate.

327 acres lying on, and divided by Hardinsburg and Salt River road, and within thirty minutes drive of Irvington railway station. 253 acres in crops and pasture and 50 acres in timber. Used ten years for dairying, and therefore in good state of cultivation, and now improved, equipped and stocked as follows:

Modern Improvements:—Modern seven room cottage (newly painted) and with cellar underneath, large yard and garden with eastern and such buildings as belong in a yard; two tenement houses and one cabin; barns for keeping 50 to 60 head of cattle and horses; magnificent granary with seven bins, will store 3,000 bushels of grain, and lower floors stores machinery, wagons, etc.; double silo with 150 ton capacity; four room hog barn; family orchard, and small fruits; eight large lakes or ponds from four to six feet deep, each covering from one to one and one-half acres and situated exactly at right place settles the water question and supplies the fish; underground ice houses, etc.

For machinery I will mention 10-h.p. engine and boiler complete, two tread powers, one and two horse, large feed and ensilage cutter and thirty feet of carrier, wheat binder, corn binder, mowers, rakes, a kind of plows, cultivators, harrows, weeder, drills, circular saw rig, cream separator, farm wagons, surrey, buggy, in fact everything from a ten horse engine to a hatchet.

Magnificent dairy herd of 30 cows and 20 heifers of the Tormentor and St. Lambert families, now headed by a son of the noted "King of St. Lambert." Founding of this herd has been the work of ten years, and the result is an average of more than 300 lbs. of butter per year for each cow in the herd, and 1 lb. of butter for every two gallons of milk—and best butter market in the United States.

s head of males and horses, 35 tons of timothy, clover and oat hay, 45 acres growing crop of corn, etc. All offered privately for next month, at end of that time I close out remaining personalties at public auction. An idea of the value of this farm and outfit is indicated by the business it does which amounts to more than \$300 cash average every month. Ask Bank of Hardinsburg if proof is required. Write for particulars, terms, etc., or visit the place and see for yourself.

OUR BRANDS. SILVER CROWN, Second Patent.

OUR BEST, First Patent. FAMILY XXX

CUSTOM GRINDING.

L. D. ADDISON, ADDISON, KY.

First State Bank, IRVINGTON, KY.

W. J. PIGGOTT, President, JOHN R. WIMP, Vice-President, H. H. KEMPER, Cashier

Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals solicited.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Bank of Hardinsburg,

B. F. BEARD, President, M. H. BEARD, Cashier.

DIRECTORS: R. M. JOLLY, G. W. BEARD, MORRIS ESKRIDGE.

Insured against loss by fire or burglary.

Interest paid on time deposits.

The Central Trust Co. OWENSBORO, KY.

DIRECTORS R. S. HUGHES, Pres. LAWSON, RENO, V-Pres.; G. T. HERR, Sec. & Treas., A. J. BRODIE, J. S. H. KIGEL, F. T. GUNTHER, W. H. FERGUSON, R. A. HAGAN, C. L. MOREHEAD.

We pay interest on Time Deposits. 5 per cent. 12 Months, 4 per cent. 6 Months.

We loan this money on real estate only.

There is not an instance in the United States where a Trust Estate has lost anything by the insolvency of a Trust Company.

We are the only company in the city doing a strictly Trust Company Business, and the business is in the hands of experienced officers and are fully equipped in every way, having the strongest Fire and Burglar proof vaults and boxes in the city.

The Breckinridge Bank Cloverport, Ky.

Capital Stock \$45,100 Incorporated. Surplus \$10,000 Organized in 1872.

W. H. BOWMER, President. A. B. SKILLMAN, Cashier. DR. F. L. LIGHTFOOT, V-Pres. CHAS. B. SKILLMAN, Ass't Cashier.

Accounts of Firms, Individuals, and Corporations solicited. Any business entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention Storage place for packages in our fire-proof vault furnished our customers free.

NEW SAFE, NEW VAULT AND ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS. Interest paid on time deposits